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*Croke, a relique of ancient poesy, to which is  
added A short memoir of John Beaugaphlyns, ...*

J. B.

Arch. Bodl. B. II. 232.

280

312

Bodleian Library  
Oxford

[Any reply to be addressed to  
"The Librarian", F. Madan]

May 3. 1917

Extract from letter from <sup>his cousin</sup> Mr. Hugh William Johnston to Professor  
G. L. Bourne May 1. 1917, from North  
Cray Rectory, Kent.

With regard to Crooke, I have  
one copy and I know of no other.  
It seems to me now rather twaddle.  
Burnard and I wrote it together,  
chiefly in his rooms in Green St.  
Cambridge. I drew the pictures, my  
first attempt at drawing direct on the  
stone — also my last attempt. My  
own opinion is that the Notes are  
the clearest part, Burnard and I  
composed the green words, and we  
sent our mutual friend Edgell to the  
Trinity College Library to hunt up some  
sort of interpretation of them, & then  
we put them into shape. The book was  
published in Cambridge and we were to  
receive half the profits! Needless to say  
we received nothing!"



David L. Brewster

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the purchase of the land for the establishment of a new station for the New York and New Jersey Railroad. I am sorry to hear that the matter is still pending, and I am sure that the Board will do all in its power to expedite the same.

Very respectfully,  
David L. Brewster



Annie E. Bourn  
from H.W.J.  
as a slight token of his respect  
esteem regard and  
cousinly affection.

August 1<sup>st</sup> 1869.

CROWE.





# CROKE.

A CURIOUS RELIQUE OF ANCIENT POESY,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A Short Memoir of

JOHN BEAUGAPHLYN, ESQ.,

BETTER KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS

THE BOLD BEAUGAPHLYN.

EDITED WITH COPIOUS NOTES,

By J. B.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS,

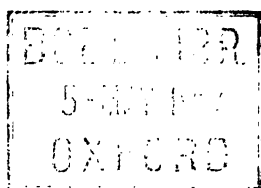
SEVERAL OF WHICH ARE RESTORED FROM THE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

Cambridge :

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE,  
FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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1858.







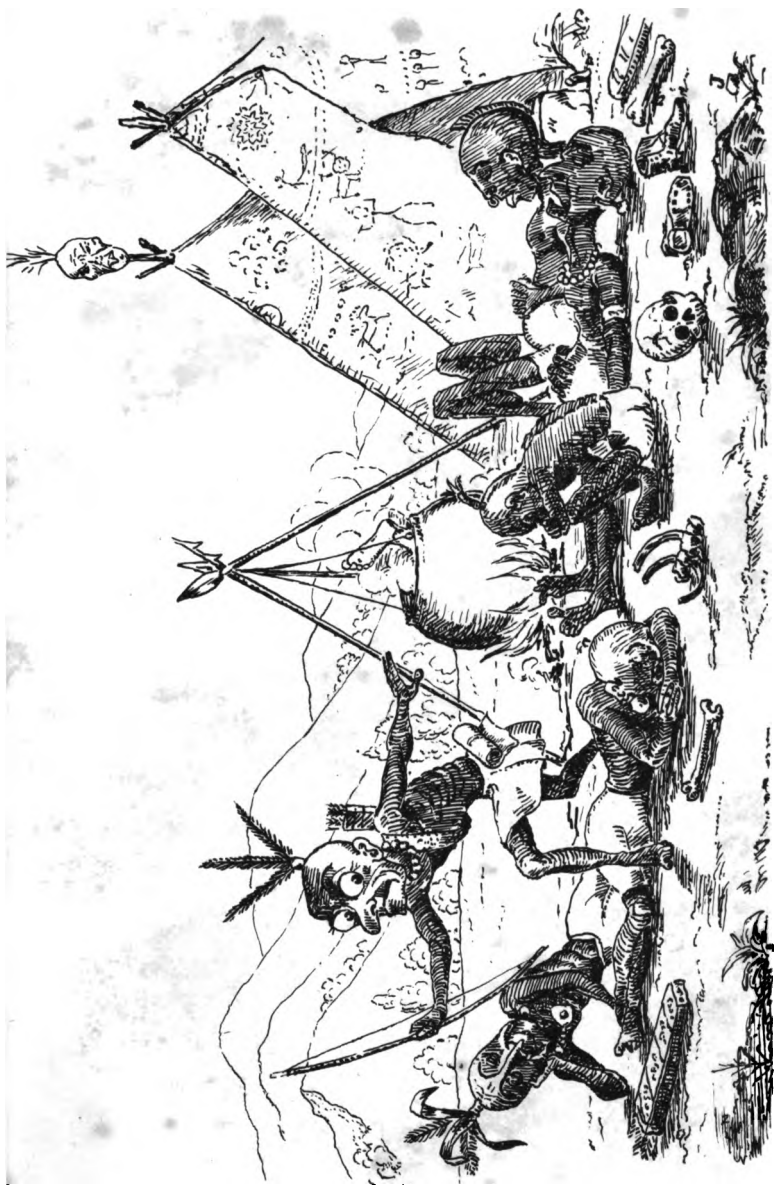
**J. BEXUGAPHLINS,**  
**FROM THE PICTURE BY JAMES SYPHAX, R.A.**  
**IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.**

A SHORT MEMOIR  
OF  
JOHN BEAUGAPHLYN, ESQ.,  
BETTER KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS  
THE BOLD BEAUGAPHLYN.

---

THE subject of our present Memoir was born of poor but honest parents at Eisteddfodd, a sweet little village on the borders of Gwdrlin, South Wales. His taste for a nomadic life displayed itself in his earliest childhood. Nurtured on the bony knees of Penury, he disdained the honors which a grateful king and country would have showered upon him, and chose rather to seek a precarious livelihood amid the sterile mountains of the West, ever exploring new territories, and visiting new countries, kings, and peoples. But our object is now not to give to the world an elaborate description of the deeds of this Prince of Travellers, but to afford a succinct account of the marvellous manner in which the following curious and invaluable Manuscript fell into the hands of its present possessors, who are now, for the first time, about to present it to an appreciating public.

El Bokim Nutkut, the well-known tyrannical Pasha, after a sumptuous feast, reclined in state on his luxurious divan, as he gently puffed the fragrant smoke, inhaled from the bowl of his diamond-set Narghillé. The dancing girls footed their best. The mozums had trilled their most enchanting lays. The musicians were still sounding the tinkling Dramut; but yet the Pasha was not easy, frown after frown swept across his brow, like dark clouds across the face of the Ocean, proclaiming to the intelligent observer, a mind, whose every thought was evil, a heart, whose every impulse was for bad. Suddenly he started from his couch, and clapped his jewelled hands; 2000 ebon slaves instantly rushed up the marble steps, and prostrated themselves abjectly before his throne. "My soul is heavy, call the story-teller," said the Pasha. The story-teller or tale-bearer being absent, Beaugaphlyns who happened to be on a visit to the court at the time, here stepped forward to recite an ancient poem of his native land. Beaugaphlyns commenced. The Pasha composed himself to listen—Beaugaphlyns read on. The Pasha slept—Beaugaphlyns continued. The Pasha *snoored*. At this well-known signal, the too-officious mutes stepped up to the unconscious traveller, and in another



ESCAPE OF "THE MALE CARABOU."



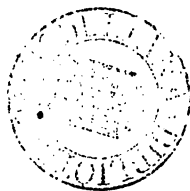


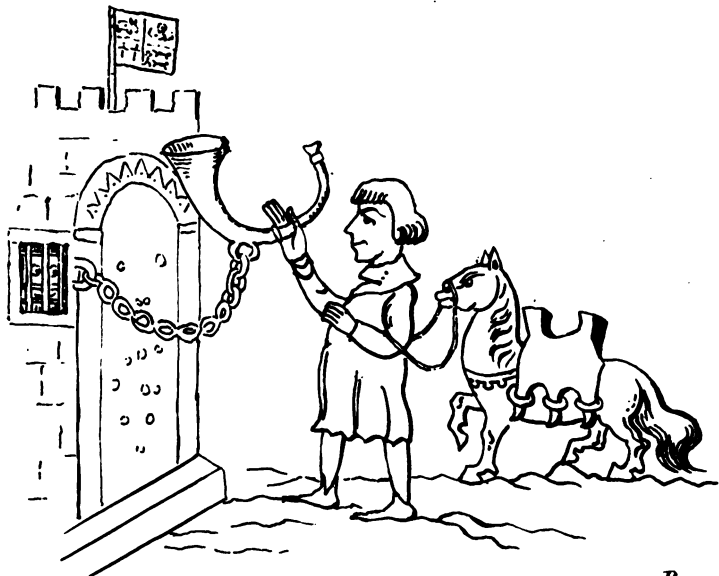




minute Beaugaphlyns was a headless corpse! The Pasha awoke, and on perceiving the mistake, for the first time in his life was seen to smile, and the whole court went into ecstasies of laughter at the amusing incident. "Bechèsm!" said the Pasha, "What is done, is done!" The faithful servant of the great traveller, having secured the precious Manuscript, with difficulty succeeded in effecting his escape (in the stuffing of his own saddle) to the Mountains of the Moon, where he was hospitably received by all the inhabitants, with the exception of the Koko-kohopam-ohos (the swimming owls), and the Sah-kee-jirhun-hus (the short crippled dogs), who, laying aside their ancient animosity, joined together, and ate the servant of the bold Beaugaphlyns! One savage alone, Ian-be-wa-dick (the male carabou) repented of the villainous act, and having seized the manuscript from the hands of one of the gorged revellers, many of whom were lying asleep round the camp fire, made his escape across the Wanchowa river, and reached the shores of England in safety. Arrived at Portsmouth he was warmly welcomed by the whole of the British Public, for they at once recognised the noble hearted savage, who had repented of the slaughter of

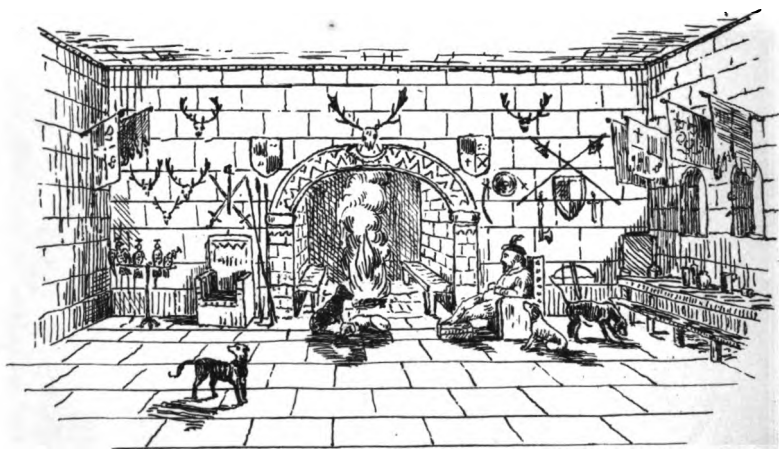
the faithful servant of the Bold Beaugaphlyns. But, alas! the Chameleon-like climate of our much-loved isle ill agreed with that free child of the forest; he contracted a catarrhic affection, and perished in the arms of his beloved friends —, and —, to whom he bequeathed all his worldly property. On searching the effects of the deceased gentleman, the following Poem was found preserved in his medicine bag. It is to be regretted that the manuscript is found to be obliterated in many places by dark stains, which, upon anatomical investigation and chemical analyzation, were declared to be the blood of a *white gentleman*, doubtless that of the bold but unfortunate, clever and never-to-be-sufficiently-lamented traveller, Beaugaphlyns!





*Page 8.*

**ADUENTE OF Y<sup>e</sup> MERRIE GUESTE.**



*Page 7.*

## CROKE.

---

GREEN grew the lubyns' on the wall,  
The sunflower turns his hed,  
To where brighte Phebus 'ere he settes,  
Teinges the hills with redde.

Ye Poet des-  
cribeth ye  
time of day.

Not otherwise in times of yore,  
The anciente aureate dayes,  
Oblique he shone on terrene sonnes,  
With his descending rayes.

Within his Hall the Baronne satte,  
A Portlie man and bolde;  
Some sixtie winters o'er his browe  
Their stormie cors had roll'd.

He goeth to  
hys storie.

---

<sup>1</sup> Lubyns—lupins (?)



Ye Baronne  
and how he  
satte.

His legges were crotched,<sup>2</sup> his browe was nit,  
His handes bene<sup>3</sup> on his paunche;  
(Before the kitchen fire there hong  
Of vennisonne<sup>4</sup> a Haunche).

Then out he spok<sup>5</sup> "Alone I'll suppe,  
"My merrie menne, what hoe!  
"Go, Pantlere,<sup>6</sup> dish the dinnere up!"  
Quoth Pantlere "Sir! I goe!"

Ye dinnere is  
served.

The Dinnere's served, what lacketh yette?  
"Varlets! a stoupe of Beere!"  
When harke! a clarion's<sup>7</sup> brayand sounde  
Breaks shrillie on his eare!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

---

<sup>2</sup> Crotched—crossed. In old Cathedrals, several effigies of knights have been found, whose crossed legs indicate that the departed had fought in the Crusades.

<sup>3</sup> Bene—was.

<sup>4</sup> Of vennisonne, &c.—from this line we may deduce that the Baron was probably a large landed proprietor.

<sup>5</sup> Spok—spoke.

<sup>6</sup> Pantlere—his office was probably nearly the same as that of the modern butler.

<sup>7</sup> Clarion—This use of the clarion has been in many places superseded by the modern knocker.

"What liketh you?" The Baronne cries;

Demaund  
modeste of  
ye gieste.

"Metheglyn"<sup>8</sup> quoth the gieste;

"Then Pantlere to the cellar hie!

"And fetch us of the beste!"

None colde that knavish Pantlere finde,

Of ye Pant-  
lere hys kna-  
verie.

In flagon, caske, or celle;

But where the Métheglyn had gone,

That Pantlere wist fulle wel.

Ah woe is me! oh wretched wighte!

Hys despair.

I can<sup>9</sup> not what to do;

Of Métheglyn there non is lefte,

Hys confes-  
sione.

And I have dronk it too!

Full manie a butte, full manie a caske,

Hys insyde.

My ranke<sup>10</sup> insyde hath lined;

And soe the wyne to bringe my Lorde,

It haps I cannot finde.

<sup>8</sup> Metheglyn—a generous liquor, a great favourite with our ancestors, and made by mixing one part of honey with three of water.

<sup>9</sup> Can=know.

<sup>10</sup> Ranke.—The very natural effect of drinking much metheglyn.

"What hoe!<sup>11</sup> my merrie little page,  
 "Thou can'st my fortune save!  
 "Helpe me! I pry'thee gentil youth,  
 "—Speke up you little knave!"

The youth he smil'd: the Pantlere grinn'd,  
 And ee'ed<sup>12</sup> that wilie Page;  
 The Page he smil'd for plesure, but  
 The Pantlere grinn'd with rage.

Wilie counsel  
 of ye Page.

"There ben a mart I wot<sup>13</sup> full wel,  
 "'Tis known to all the Towne;  
 "Where you maye mead in plentie buye  
 "For peces<sup>14</sup> brode laide<sup>15</sup> downe."

<sup>11</sup> What hoe!—The greatest of all English Dramatists has immortalised this expression.

<sup>12</sup> Ee'ed—eye'd.

<sup>13</sup> Wot—know.

<sup>14</sup> Broad piece—a coin, the value of which depended a good deal on its breadth.

<sup>15</sup> So in the modern mercantile advertisements "Terms Cash."

"Now curses on my glaikit<sup>16</sup> pate,

"And blessings on thy browe!

"I never sholde have thoughte of that,

"But for thy witte,<sup>16</sup> I vowe!"

"But staye, of Nobles<sup>17</sup> I have lacke,

"Brode peces I have none!"

"'Sooth, make to them fayre promises

"Eftsoones the thinge is done."

Like stone from out a magnèle<sup>18</sup> strong,

Or steed from starting gole,

Or flane<sup>19</sup> from out an archer's bowe,

Or coneye to his hole,

Ye Page ne  
goeth.

---

<sup>16</sup> Glaikit—stupid.

<sup>16</sup> At first sight there seems nothing remarkable for its wit in the speech of the Page: closer inspection, however, will justify the Pantler's observation.

<sup>17</sup> Noble—an ancient English coin, first struck in the reign of Edward III. about 1337; it was stamped with a rose, and thence called a rose noble; its value was 6s. 8d.

<sup>18</sup> Magnèle—contracted from the French Mangonel; a sort of catapult for the violent projection of stony and injurious missiles.

<sup>19</sup> Flane—arrow.

So swifte that lightsome youth him bore,  
 Along the flyinge road,<sup>20</sup>  
 Ne stayed him with the varlet boyes,  
 Ne eke to loitere wode.<sup>21</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Of ye Chemyst  
 and hys familie.

The Chemyst ben a worthie manne,  
 A worthie manne was he;  
 Who had of childer great and small,  
 A goodlie companie.<sup>22</sup>

Hys Spouse.

Dame Marg'ry was hys comelie grawne,<sup>23</sup>  
 And kinde her spouse until;  
 Her eldest girl was Elleanore,  
 Her yingest boye was Bille.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Flying road—a poetical expression referring to the appearance of objects to a rapid traveller.

<sup>21</sup> Wode—would.

<sup>22</sup> This requires no comment.

<sup>23</sup> Grawne.—There is considerable difficulty about this word, owing to the numerous derivations assigned to it. Of these, the most plausible are the Persian گرفتن to take (to wife?), and the Saxon "grawn," (the hard roe of a fish). No person, however, who is acquainted with the Teutonic Dialects can doubt that it signifies "wife," by a beautiful metaphor from the Welsh *grwn* "the cooing of doves"—akin to this word is (perhaps) the Greek *γρᾱς* "an old woman,"—and we still hear in the districts of Middlesex, the expression "my old 'ooman" used to signify "my wife."

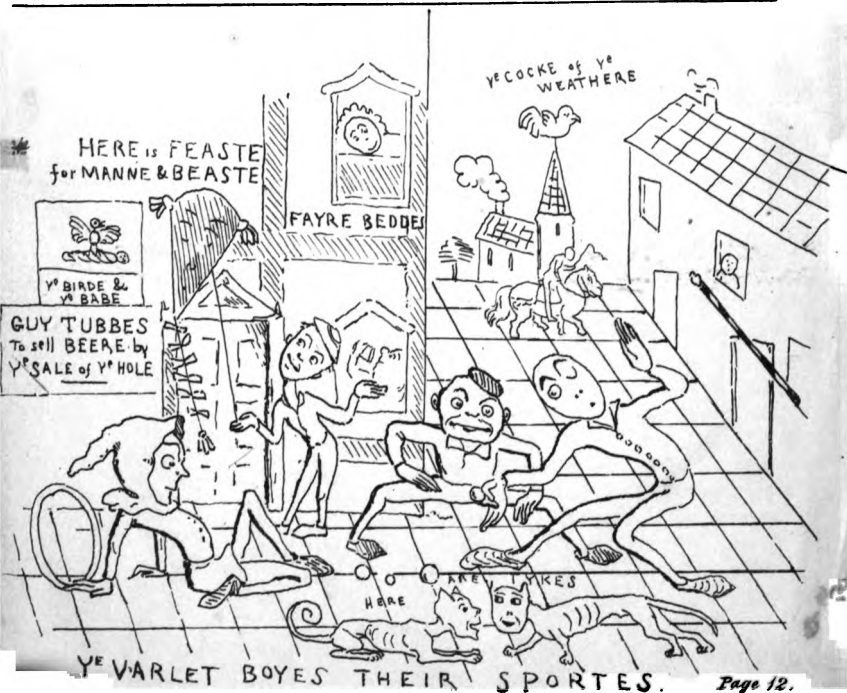
<sup>24</sup> Bille—probably contracted from William.





YE PANTLERE.

Page 8.



Page 12.

It was highe noon,<sup>25</sup> the Chemyst sage,  
 In his back Chambere satte;  
 His mochom<sup>26</sup> to his lips he held,  
 And antick-solem spatte.<sup>27</sup>

Loud rapped the page upon the dore,  
 "Wilt kepe me here all daye?"  
 "Now rouse thee churlish alchemyst,  
 "I maye not brooke delaye!"

Ye Page hys  
 advent.

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<sup>25</sup> On reference to the 1st verse of the Poem, this statement of the Poet might appear a mistake, had not recent discoveries proved that it might actually have been the case at the antipodes.

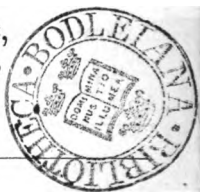
<sup>26</sup> Mochôm. At first sight one is tempted to believe that this word must signify a Tobacco-Pipe, from its similarity to the present word meerchaum, and also from finding in the context that the Chemist indulged in expectoration. If this interpretation were accepted, we could conclude that the poem was written some time after the introduction of Tobacco by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1565. But there are three objections to this at first sight plausible interpretation: First—there is no mention of Tobacco, without which the applying the pipe to the lips would have been comparatively useless: Secondly—but indeed, the whole style of the poem is evidently the composition of an author, anterior to that date: we think we may safely conclude that it was some sort of musical instrument, with which the Chemist was delighting the ears of the family circle, probably a kind of Hautboy.

<sup>27</sup> Spatte—we cannot believe that this was peculiar to chemists of the period, but must suppose that it was a personal peculiarity or individual infirmity.



Dame Marg'ry plied her spindel,  
 The Chemyst scratched his pole,  
 But Ell'nore pinchyt Billie's hed,<sup>28</sup>  
 Whereat that urchin squole.\*

Hys Skrattel.<sup>29</sup> The wilie page on mischef bente,  
 Tho stooped him on the flore,  
 And with a cunnyng Mal-intent,  
 Couched him before the dore.<sup>30</sup>



<sup>28</sup> From this we may infer that young William's was a very soft head.

\* Squole—3rd pers : sing : preterite indicative active from the verb 'to squeal'—

<sup>29</sup> Skrattel—Saxon *scrat* significat 'scurram' item et 'Dæmonem.' (Hence we conclude that the term *skrattel* signifies 'Buffoonery,' 'Devilry.') Unde fortasse," says "Lye, "apud nostrates modus loquendi non inusitatus, 'He is a mere scrag.'" Michael Gawin uses this word in the following manner :—

"Foughten they were with targe and spere,  
 "Ilk knight fote for hys Ladye deare;  
 "Ernessed in armore gallantlie,  
 "In bloudie skrattel mightilie,  
 "Sith every dame her knight mote see."—

Tablet of Rarities. 15. 67.

<sup>30</sup> This evidently is the origin of the scene in the modern pantomime, known in theatrical circles as the "clown and shop keeper business."

"Oh! wyssal waussal,"<sup>31</sup> quoth the page,

"Rakel-me-digges-I doo!"<sup>32</sup>

Thus chuckling laye that wicked elf,

(O melancholie blieu!)<sup>33</sup>

The Chemyst came, and oped the dore,

Upon the jobe intente,

But stumbling o'er the couchante page,

Liklakyng<sup>34</sup> downe he went.

And howe ye  
Chemyste was  
brote to grefe.

<sup>31</sup> We cannot understand these words; probably the refrain of a popular street song. What meaning would some future Antiquary, searching into the minstrelsy of our times, attach to "Hoopden dooden doo?"

<sup>32</sup> Rakel—This word seems to be the same as the Belgic, 'Rekel,' 'vilissimus canis,' "which is derived from the Hebrew רק RK to attenuate, or רָקָב rottenness; the word Rakel is used in Chaucer for 'bold,' 'saucy,' according to his orthography it is derived from the Germ: 'Rakel,' of which a German lexicographer gives the following notable explanation."—"Rakel a rake, or rake-sham, lungis, lath-back, slimslow-back, dreaming lusk, humdrum, lingerer."—the word 'rekel' or rascal, as is known to every reader of Shakespeare, is peculiarly applied to lean deer, see K. Henry IV. This word *may* be connected with the Ital. 'rasca' a spider's web—the Icelandic 'raska' 'corruptere,' or the Saxon 'Raskel,' 'fera strigosa.'

'Digges' anger (Welsh) formed by inversion of letters from the Arabic غَيْد 'Gaid'—"Me digges I do," "I am angered"?

<sup>33</sup> The Poet's comment 'so young and yet so depraved.' Blieu—Hwites bleos swo critalla.—Num. 1. 7.

<sup>34</sup> Liklakyng—clashing, an unusual word like cliquetis,

He walleth hys  
nativitie.

"Nowe is it life or is it death?"<sup>35</sup>

The Chemyst sayd and sigh'd,  
"O better had I ne'er been borne,  
Or in my childhood died!"

The conkie<sup>36</sup> elf was underneth,  
Scant\* possible to view,  
For why? The Chemyst on him laye,  
As mighte be mee on you.

Dame Mar-  
gerie, her  
knagging.

"Now out upon ye, stupid loons,  
"Will lye all daye, y-fegs!"  
The Chemyst here turned on his hands,  
The Page got on his legges.

French, from which it is perhaps derived. Adam Davie, a poet about the year 1312, uses this word with reference to the clashing of swords.

"There were swerdes liklakyng

"There were speres bathing, &c."

<sup>35</sup> Probably a riddle—the commentators give it up.

<sup>36</sup> 'Conkie' longheaded, unde crafty—as of Thersites  
Hom: II: Bk. 2. 219. φοξός ἔην κεφαλὴν. cf: ὀξυκέ-  
φαλος, σχινοκίφαλος.

\* Scant—scarce.



DAME KNAGGETH

Page 16.





"Thou arrant caitiff noisome cur!

"An thou wert of my brood,

"I'sooth I wold thy costard score,"<sup>37</sup>

"Ichot"<sup>38</sup> 'twode do thee good!"

Quotha the Chemyst "Blythesome youth,

"What is't thou'dst have mee do?"

"My Master's sent mee here to begge,

"A Flaske of mead of you!"

Ye Chemysts  
tendeth hys  
customere.

"Here is Metheglyn, prettie boye,"

"Give it to me, I praye—"

"But dibbins"<sup>39</sup> hast thou, master mine?"

"Quotha the varlet, "naye."

Hys worldlie  
wisdome.

"Wold'st robbe mee and my babes of bread,

"Forsooth, thou worst of knaves?

"And sende us puling from the mart,

"To our respective graves"<sup>40</sup>?"

<sup>37</sup> Costard score=to break his head.

<sup>38</sup> Ichot—I think.

<sup>39</sup> Dibbins—from Latin debeo to owe, part: pres: debens, hence dibbins—it may be traced in the modern slang term 'dibs,' for money.

<sup>40</sup> Woman! lovely woman!

Ye Page useth  
strategie.

"Not soe—but thou shalt riches have,

"Silver and golde for life?

"A Tabbie silke and Palfrey balde,"<sup>41</sup>

"For thy most lossum"<sup>42</sup> wife."—

"And shall I have a palfrey balde,

"And shall I ryde him too?

"Oh give the mead, my spouse, I praye,"

The Chemyst quotha "Phieou!"

Ye Chemyste  
and hys spouse  
come to blowes.

"And why not?" quoth his tender dame,

And from the counter took,

What at first sight appeared to be,

A marvellous bigge boke.

And of ye man-  
nere of their  
continuons  
twozzle.<sup>43</sup>

For two longe hours they foughte amayne,

Like any foreste brutes,

Until at laste one sturdie stroke,

Low-layd him in his bootes—

<sup>41</sup> Piebald or Skewbald.

<sup>42</sup> Lossum—lovesome—lovely.

<sup>43</sup> Twozzle—tussle.







SMOSHEN!

Page 19.



Page 20.

Y<sup>E</sup> STUNTED WATCHMAN.

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But in the mean that subtil page,  
 Nigh gat him to the borde;  
 And takand thence the meglyn flaske,  
 Hied swiftlie to his Lorde.

Ye Page mak-  
 eth tracks.

"And art thou dead, my merrie spouse?  
 "Art dead, and is it so?"  
 "Nowe quicklie speke, I thes beseeche,  
 "That I may clereley knowe."

Ye dame  
 dirgeth.

Yet not a word—The Chemyst laye  
 Smoshen<sup>45</sup> banethe the boke!  
 "Come hither babes, come one and all,"  
 "On Pallid murder look!"

The childer came with manie a hyp  
 And manie a wylde hurrahe;  
 The mother she sayd "wel-a-lac,"  
 And they sayd lac-a-daye.

And ye babes  
 how they also  
 dirge.

<sup>44</sup> Is it so?—"Does the fact stand as my ocular vision demonstrates?"

<sup>45</sup> Smoshen part: pass: from 'smash.'

<sup>46</sup> No favoritism, one and all.

How she wan-  
tonlie crimi-  
nateth herself.

"Your father's dead, my weeping babes;

"I am the guiltie cause!"

Then Ell'nor deftlie gan to grede,<sup>47</sup>

But Billie sucked his pawes!

Billie.

Tho' through the portal Billie hied,

With merrie jeste and gladdie,

And sange "My father's dead and gone,

"My mother's killed my dadde!"

Ye secular  
arme inter-  
fereth.

The stunted<sup>48</sup> Watchman graspt his stave

And creeping to the ladde,

Quoth "Chemyst's sonne so lokkerand,<sup>49</sup>

"Whose mother's killed what dadde?"

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>47</sup> Grede—weep.

<sup>48</sup> These were troublous times—night and day the executive was on duty—Hence stunted in body from over fatigue, or stinted in food or sleep.

<sup>49</sup> Lokkerand—curly headed.

There is a dungeon darke and foule,  
 With todes and creepand things;  
 And ringes within the massive walles,  
 And chains within the ringes.

Of ye dungeon.

And in thir<sup>50</sup> rusted cankering chains,  
 A prisonere is bounde;  
 Who on her festering hepe of strawe,  
 Lyes sleepand on the grounde.

Ye prisonere  
 and her piti-  
 fulle pite.

O murther! murther! who wode not,  
 Yon little victym save?  
 While gibbering Phantoms dragge him fro  
 A gramenabel<sup>51</sup> grave.<sup>52</sup>

Ye Poet  
 moraliseth.

But harke! the midnight belle it tolles,  
 Unto the prisoners glumme:<sup>53</sup>  
 She started from her bedde and cried,  
 "I come! I come! I come!"

Ye prisonere  
 her guiltie  
 conscience.

<sup>50</sup> Thir—these.

<sup>51</sup> Gramenabel—on which grass may grow.

<sup>52</sup> What poetry! what expression! How beautiful the metaphor!!

<sup>53</sup> The glum Prisoners.

Ye jayler,  
hys hed

"I come! I come! I come," she cried,  
"I come, I come," cried she;  
The jaylere here put in his hed,  
"You come along with mee!"

Is torne.

Tho' swifte from offe her bedde she lept,  
And at the jaylere flewe;  
She smote him with her ironne chain,  
And tore hys hed in two.

Hys comrades  
alsoe.

At every watch throughoute the nighte,  
Successive Jayleres came;  
In mannere lich she at them flewe,  
And servèd them the same.

Six corpses<sup>54</sup>  
anyhowe.

Thrice corpses two, twice corpses three,  
Lye weltering on the flore,  
Three supine in the middel lye,  
Three prone beside the dore.

---

<sup>54</sup> Any one with a knowledge of Mathematics will perceive that the marginal calculation is correct.



Y<sup>e</sup> PRISONERE HER FRENZIE .

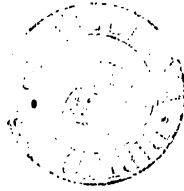
Page 22.



HER GUILTIE CONSCIENCE

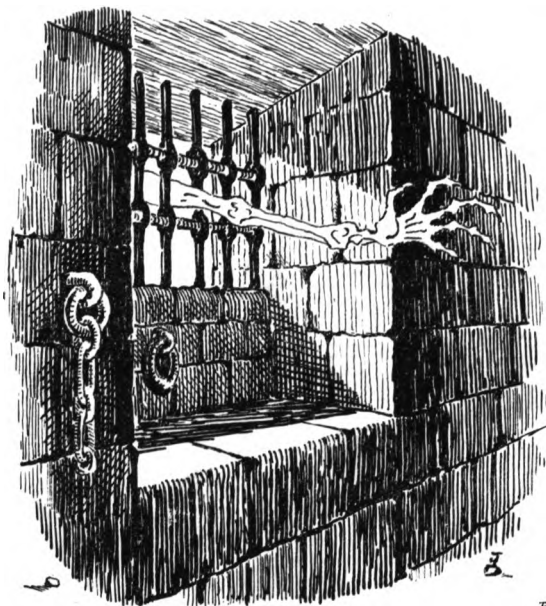
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Page 23.









Page 23.



Nowe all her bones began to quake,  
 Her fleshe crept slowlie rounde;  
 Her knees they gan with feare to shake,  
 Her chatterand teeth she grounde.

Her frenzie.

And in her eares foule dismayl shrekes,  
 Of fiendish laughtere range;  
 Till in her frenzie she exclaimed,  
 "O! tyn goewein goetange!"<sup>55</sup>

Bokwardes and forwardes gnashing feirce,  
 Phantom-pursued she ranne;  
 In every cornere mopped and mowed,  
 A bootless murther'd manne!

Ye Poet describeth ye  
 state chambere  
 of Wyndesore  
 Castel.<sup>56</sup>

She rushes to the casement barres—  
 Forth shootes a fleshless arme—  
 A Shreke, a groan, a yewt,<sup>57</sup> a moan—  
 Dash, splash,—and alle is calm!!!!

Retribution.

<sup>55</sup> Nothing more natural!

<sup>56</sup> The marginal observation, is probably an attempted elucidation of the text by some officious copyist.

<sup>57</sup> Yewt—scream.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Ye chefe  
mourners.

'Tis morn—two bloted ravens sitte  
Upon a leafless oke ;  
Throughoute the daye this dirge they singe ;  
“Croke, croke ; croke, croke ; croke, croke !”

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

More retri-  
bution.

The Pantlere and the Page did serve,  
The Baronne and his guest  
Dranke the Metheglyn—went to bedde,  
——I maye not tell the reste !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*





Page 25.

**CROKE !**

*Five* fleshless formes, bleched skeletons,

Swelling of  
ye dirge.

Lye stretched benethe that oke,

*Tenne* bloted ravens swelle the dirge

"Croke, croke ; croke, croke ; croke, croke."

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Green grow the lubyns on the walle

Finis or ye  
ende.

\* \* \* \* — ree,

Now heaven preserve our stalworde Kynge,

His Quene, and you and mee !

**Finis.**



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